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For the National Era.

LIFE ON PRAIRIE DE LA FLEUR. - No. 7.

BY MARY IRVING.

" And a little grave they made her, to the church yard cold they laid her-Laid her softly down to rest, With a white rose on her breast-Mrs. Nichols

One frosty evening of November found us journeying over the prairie. It was past the hour of the sun's setting, though the sullen luminary had not deigned to lift even the corner of his glum cloud-veil, to give us a parting peep. The cold gusts, with a sweep of more than twenty miles to the southward, came raving about our ears, pieroing through every pore of our muffs and mufflings, and finally died away in the groves skirting our western prospect, as surf-beats die upon the ocean shore. The roads had been thrown into chaos by "the equinoctial" and its train of attending storms, so that we had been dragging shall spring up in the prairie-grass!"

shall spring up in the prairie-grass!"

"Well, well; God knows!" replied the grand-father, drawing his left sleeve across his eyes. travel, and were far enough from our anticipated

Dear me! is there not a house on this everlasting prairie?" spoke, at last, one of the company, in a tone half smothered by tippet and buffalo

"Plenty of log cabins in the woods yonder," returned the one addressed. "Would you like to make a call ?" "I mean, is there not a public house, a tavern

of some kind, where a half-frozen traveller might and a fire to thaw his fingers by?" Yes-we shall come to -

rectly. There-there is the house, away beyond that swell; 'tis log-two-story-d'ye see ?" "That house is the village, ch ?"

"I did not say it was a village! It is a point where four roads meet, and clumsy enough roads they are, to be sure!" As we drew near to the house, a curiously hud-

dled together combination of logs, mortar, and whitewash, more for convenience than elegance, we took notice of an upright pole in front of it, which had once, evidently, held up a grateful invitation to goers-by. But now it only creaked most tantalizingly and inhospitably in the wind. "They've taken down the sign, you see -oats

are scarce this season," soliloquized our driver, reconnoitering. "But never mind-I calculate we can find accommodation.22

primless white hat, who sauntered through the doorway at our approach, and nodded assent, with an air of dignified nonchalance to our eager in quiries, we were lifted from our carriage, glad blazing fire that had beekoned us through the

A supper was soon smoking before us, fit for a hungry traveller-a brace of prairie chickens, fresh from the fences and nooks where they swarm at that season, garnished with minor dishes of onions, sausages, and " sour-krout," the favorite dish of the German immigrants.

The two daughters of the old host had spread the board for us; and, after their task was finishad I noticed that both went at once to the window, laid their heads each against a pane, and peered anxiously out.

"They are'nt coming, be they?" inquired the father, who sat knocking the ashes from his pipe, in the corner of the wide-arm chimney.

"No; but it's high time they were back There's all the cows to milk and fodder yet, and

The near tramping of hoofs cut off the girl's sentence, and in a few minutes a couple of young men bustled in, shook their shaggy over-coats and shaggier locks, and drew up to the blazing logs to unstiffen their benumbed fingers. What's the news ?"

"Anything found, Royal?" inquired the sisters, eagerly pressing to their side, while the father thrust his pipe into the corner of his mouth unlighted, in his eagerness to catch the answer.

"No-oh, no!" replied Royal, shaking his bended head sorrowfully, so that his long, black hair fell like a veil over his eyes, that were fixed on the glimmering coals.

"The child never'll come to light alive," exclaimed the other, starting up to face us, in front of the fire, with his hands clasped behind his back. "Never, if she's out on the prairie this bitter cold night! Ugh! it's tough enough to kill a clever coon, much likelier a slim chance of a little girl like her !"

" Poor thing!" responded the sister, feelingly, it's two nights, a'ready, she's been out o'doors, and starving the while !"

"Tother night wasn't chill like this. won't stand it, you may depend on that."

"I don't reckon she's out at all," remarked the father, with a deliberate nod. "She was a purty ild"-"Pretty as a new pink morning-glory, the dar

ling!" interrupted one of the daughters. "Purty enough to 'tice some of these child stealers that straggles about! I'd lay my little

finger she's far enough away by this day!" "Whose child is lost?" We ventured to put in

"It's little Nelly Waring, ma'am—child to John Waring, that lives over three miles yonder, on

the prairie. You see, Miss"-But I will give the short story in my own words, with the additions and emendations that I

afterwards gleaned from others. John Waring had come from New England to the West" with his father's family, to win a subsistence from a more generous land than the

home of hills and valleys. The parents remained in the part where they landed; but John, with the helpful, ready-willed and ready-handed "wife of his youth," resolved to improve the tempting facilities for farming. So he purchased a "lot" on our prairie, built him a snug "nest," and took

They were far from any neighbors, but tha mattered little to them. Each was a little world to the other; and very happy, as well as very prosperous, were they in their flower-girt retirement. Toward the close of the third year, John had laid by enough to build what a thorough-going farmer ranks far before a house in importance—a good, capacious barn. Very spacious it was, with ins, stalls, and lofts, in abundance, where one might, indeed, "lay up much goods for many years." One could not well blame its framer for the thrill of satisfaction that warmed his heart, when the last rafter and clapboard were hailed, and the complete building, in its new coat of red paint, blushed in the blaze of sunset. His busy, cheerful, helpenate, with hands tucked under her apron, came out by his side to mingle feelin's dear! but, all is, says I to Humphrey, of a blessed immortality.

congratulations with his delight. And she came not alone; a wee blossom, fairer than ever prairie in its wildness bore, had budded in her arms two

Little Ellen Waring was a child of most un-common beauty. Her eyes had caught their tinge from the violets that open to the eye of spring, in the edge of the woods—her cheeks were chang-ing as the soft clouds of a July noon, half fleecy, half roseate, cushioned languidly on the light-blue sky. Her baby forehead seemed purely radiant with the smile of her guardian angel, half shadowed by curls of mingled chestnut and gold; but a smile, all her own, twinkling in her eyes and dimpling in her cheeks, linked her to earth and to all hearts so lovingly! Every one marked the child, at first glance, as a pearl of exceeding

Cynics may sneer at it as they will; beauty i the open sesame to be universal human heart; and there is no beauty so sweetly winning—so like a dew-drop purely fresh from Heaven, glow-ing in its glory yet, as the beauty of a little child!

When she was carried to the city, the home of when she was carried to the city, the nome of her grand-parents, her tottering steps were often arrested in the streets by strangers, who pressed forward to exclairs, involuntarily, "... What a beau-tiful child!" 'An angel!" "She's not for earth,

long, sure!"
This last foreboding seemed to grow into a presentiment in the mind of the grandfather. In vain did the laughing eyes of little Ellen look into his, mocking all his fears. In vain did he see that she was springing up as healthy and hardy as a wild rose or a prairie chicken; he pressed back her curls always anxiously, and looked intently into her face, often pressing her in his rough arms, as though he feared that some unseen hand would

snatch her away even then.

"Little pet! take care of her! don't let anything come to her, John!" was his last parting charge, as he kissed her on both rosy cheeks and lifted her carefully into the wagon after her parents. "Never you fear, father; you'll see how she

Good bye, and bless you all!"

Two evenings previous to the one of our stay at the log tavers, John Waring west cut to his barn, to secure his cattle for the night, and go through that indescribable routine of duties which the farmer comprises under the convenient name of "chores." Little Ellen plead to go over with him. She had been building cob-castles before the hearth till a peony flush bloomed on one hot little cheek; and then, tired of her play, she had been tottling around in the wake of her busy mamma's footsteps, clinging restlessly to her dress.

"Stay by papa, Ellie, pet!" said the mother, as she tied the little blue hood under her chin, and she tied the little blue hood under her chin, and pinned a warm, white blanket over the bare, dimpling shoulders. "Ellie go with papa!" laughed the little fairy, dancing gleefully under her mother's hands. "Come, Ellie," called her papa, reaching out his hand as he fastened the last button of his working-frock. She sprang to him, and swung her little self out of the door by his strong fore-finger. The barn was just across the road from the house. Skipping up the platform, through the unfolding leaves of the great barn-door, she clapped her baby-hands to the scampering chickens, shouted to the echoes, climbed up to peep through the rails at the "red calf," and scrambled down in terror of the cow's nervously shakbled down in terror of the cow's nervously shakng horns. At last she trotted away, quite de-

ing horns. At last she trotted away, quite de-murely, in pursuit of hens' nests, tossing and tumbling on the new-made hay, warbling like a merry barn swallow all the while. The father was in and on, here and there, occupied with his varying business.

The sun went down, and the shadows of the

"Come in house, paps; Ellie tired!" she besought, looking up coaxingly into his face.
"Is Ellis tired? Ellie may go to mamma, then."
He stooped to kiss her cheek, swung back the
door, opened the gate, and saw her toddle through
it, and turned again to his unfinished work.
Half an hour passed and he relied a belief Half an hour passed, and he walked, whistling carelessly, toward the house, the duties and the toils of the day all over. His wife turned hastily toward him, as he set down the brimming milksail upon the well-scoured pine table-

"What have you done with Ellie? It's late for er to be out. Ellen! why, I sent her in half an hour ago! ne exclaimed, startled.

"You sent her in? She has not been here!

have not seen her!" returned the mother—and linging open the door, she called quickly, "Ellen!" The sound rang shrill over the prairie, and echoed loudly and lingeringly from the blank walls of the barn; but no Ellen's voice gave an-

walls of the barn; but no Enten's voice gave an-swer. The mother clasped her hands, and a quiver of agony trembled on her compressed lips. "Don't be frightened, Mary—she's strayed a bit down the path, it's likely! I'll bring her in a

John Waring sprang over the steps as he spoke and rushed out of her sight, around the corner of

the barn.

"Ellen! Ellie, pet! Ellie, dear!" he called and called again, and he listened for an answer until his ears ached and his brain reeled with he utter stillness. Then he plunged into the long, wild prairie grass, trampling down the pur-ple and golden flowers like weeds.

"Where is she? where is she?" breathed the

nother, with a suppressed shrick, as her husband mother, with a suppressed shriek, as her husband burst open the door again, in the gathering night. "Mary," he uttered, in a tone of agony, "she is not to be found! Give me the bridle, quick! I must go for help before it grows too late. Oh, God! there is no moon to-night! Mary, dear Mary!" he added, catching one look of her anguish-frozen face, "we shall find her yet! God will keep her—don't lose heart!"

"Oh, John! she is our only one! God could to the property of the mother husband and the pother husband." The mother husband with the mother husband.

not take her away !" whispered the mother, huskily. A quick, sympathizing glance was all her husband's reply, as he opened the door and rushed

forth.

Mary Waring listened till the last echo of his
horse's hoof-beats had died away on the still prairie, and there was only the beating of her own theart to break the strange, heavy silence. She still stood in the doorway, heedless of the cold, damp night-breeze that played among her locks. Her hands were clasped tremulously, in that attitude, half of hope, half of hopelessness, which sculptors have so often striven to petrify. There seemed scarcely a ripple of breath to flow from her parted lips, and her eyes were intently pieroing the darkness, to where a lone star, the even-ing star, had arisen, red in the cloud-mists of the horizon. Starting with a quick sob from her reveric, she called with a half despairing cry—

"Ellie! Ellie! my child!"
She listened. The echo muttered back her call confusedly, and died away into silence.

"Ellie, darling, come to mamma!" she called, more gently, as though fearing to have frightened her little one by the former wild cry; but all was

She took two wavering steps from the door; then a sudden crackling of the fire-log called her back, and aroused her to a second thought.

"No, I must not go out!" she exclaimed, throwing herself down upon the hearth; "I could not track the dear creature where he has failed, and must even wait! Oh, God! give me patience and

That prayer never was raised in vain! Mary Waring grew calmer as she sat, with her head buried in her apron, moveless as a statue, save the convulsive quivering of her lips and chest. How many minutes had thus passed, she knew

How many minutes had thus passed, she knew not; but a hand on the latch-string startled her to her feet in an instant. It was the wife of her nearest neighbor, who came in, with a checked gray and white blanket-shawl folded around her head and shoulders.

"Dear me, Miss Warin', a'n't you dreadful lonesome-like! Mr. Warin', he came a thunderin' up to our steps, and I says to Humphrey, says I, there's somebody took sick on a sudden, and they've sent for me! I hadn't no more than rolled the words off of my tongue, afore John bursted the door-nail; and, says he—all of a tremble he was—says he, 'Mr. Humphrey, will you do a neighbor a kind turn? My child is astray on the prairie!' Sorry coots we would ha' been, if we hadn't bustled about to help a neighbor in time o' trouble! Humphrey fetohed up old Sorrel in a twinkle, while John drove ahead to Warner's. Says I to Humphrey, it's distracted-like Mary Warin' will be, poor, lone body, takin' on over her baby; and it being all she had, and the beautifullest creatur', too, that ever "——"Oh, don't, Mrs Humphrey!" exclaimed Mary, breaking, for the first time, the tangled string of her well-meaning visiter's would-be consolutions.

"There' well, I didn't mean to rake up your

I'll slip on my shawl in a jiffy, and trot across to

Mary's. She oughtn't to be alone this while, and I'll cheer her up to hoping a bit, may he!"

Some less garrulous comforter would have been more congenial to poor Mary, in her hour of silent sorrow. But she was grateful for the good will that prompted her neighbor's visit; and she knew that it is not always good for the griefstricken heart to be alone. So she strove to smile thankfully, and even to converse with her chattering guest, though every sound grated on her nervous ears, that were aching to catch the slightest echo of a foot-fall without.

The coals crumbled low on the hearth, and Mary's hope went down with their gleam. Like the hum of a spinning-wheel ber companion's low, monotonous tone was ringing in her ears; but she monotonous tone was ringing in her ears; but she took no note of her words, as she paced heavily across the boards, or, by a violent effort, forced herself to sit calmly a few moments in her rush rocking-chair. At intervals, a distant call startled both to the door, and they heard the name of "Ellen!" swell and die over the dry, whispering grass, while dim lanterns, like shooting stars, glanced and swayed in the distance. Not until morning did one of the anxious searchers enter the house, and then he brought no tidings.

That duy, fifty men meunted on borseback, and

That day, fifty men mounted on bernebuck, and as many on foot, tracked the prairie up and down, back and forth, for many miles. They pushed into the wood that skirted one edge of the farm, leaving not a stone or a log unturned, frighten-ing every timid squirrel and partridge from its with the one cry of "Ellen! little El-

That day and the next night passed as fruitlessly. On the second, which was the day of our arrival in the vicinity, one hundred and fifty horsemen, (you would not have supposed that the thinly-dotted prairie could have furnished that number, unless they had sprung up, like the armed men from the sown dragon's teeth, follow-ed in the traces of the others, and, like them, came back at night with the full conviction that they had left not a bush nor a sod untried or un-

A message had at first been sent to the grandparents; and, coming with all possible speed, they arrived on the morning of the third day. The poor father of the lost Ellen, worn out with fasting, watching, and agony, fell down in a swoon at his mother's ceet, as he arose to receive her: Mary was more calm, and they said she felt the pang less keenly. Woman-like, she had learned to hide the thorn pieroing her heart, and to smile while that heart was bleeding. That the child must have been stolen, seemed now to be the opinion of every one.
"Oh! I could bear to know that she is dead!"

were almost the first words of John Waring, on recovering from his fainting fit; "but this uncer-tainty, this suspense, it will kill me!"

Who could have stolen the child, and with

what motive, were questions not easily answered. Perhaps some stroller, who had caught a sight of her sweet face in the city—and the parents' hearts thrilled with new terror at the thought—an old

thrilled with new terror at the thought—an old Indian, wandering oft in the neighborhood, who had sometimes been provided with a supper on their hearth, and a bed in their barn.

An advertisement was inserted in all the papers of the region, describing the lost child, and offering a large reward to any one who would bring tidings of her.

Still the search was kept up near home, though allowed the search was kept up near home, though

almost hopelessly. The neighbors could not rid their minds of the impression that some trace, some shred of her dress, some little shoe or shoe-track, might yet lead to the discovery of her body; the spirit must long since have taken

wing.

One morning, it was nearly a week after the little one had left her home, one of these gleaners hope was pacing the prairie slowly, The sun went down, and the shadows of the long, dimly-lighted rafters began to deepen and blacken. With half a sigh of weariness, the little one rolled off the soft hay-mow. through the waving meshes of the prairie sedge. He took one bound forward—and the veil of mys-

be unobserved except in one direction, within one short half mile from her home, while her friends in tenderest tones were calling her, trampling all around, and almost upon her, sweet Ellen had lain, silent and cold, five freezing nights. The man stood one moment, transfixed by the surprise and grief; then, with a deep-breathed groan, springing to the spot, he lifted up the stone-like form of the child, and looked into her

face. It was like a waxen statue, in its pure beautiful whiteness. The Angel of the Frost, who had opened the gate of Death to her spirit, had transfigured cheek and brow, when he breathed his chill blast upon them. She had dreamed a sweet dream before she awoke in Paradise, for a smile was frozen on her still face, like the first flash of a sunbeam after a shower. Her eyes, flish of a sunbeam after a shower. Her eyes, like half-opened violets, blighted by the storms of early spring, lay, weighed down with icy dew. She had wept before she had laid down to sleep, and to die. She had fallen upon her face, probably in very weariness; and the angels had looked down in pity—they had taken in the poor benighted little wanderer. The lips whence life had ebbed away were parted, as though, in a gentle, sweet surprise, she had heard the call—"Little Ellen! come home to Heaven!"

He untied the little blue hood, and parted back

the curls, heavy with hoar frost and icicles. He tore away the blanket, and felt where the heart had throbbed; but life had frozen at its spring long before! The touch of the round, hard arm chilled his inmost nerves; but he lifted it, for it clasped something tightly in its palm. He un-clenched the stiffened fingers, and took away the treasure—purple and white flowers of the prai-rie, wild asters and daisies, frozen, like herself, in

her dying grasp.
Poor little thing! they told her story well Poor little thing! they told her story well enough. She had always loved flowers, bud of Paradise that she was; and when she had left her father's side, they had beckoned her, wav-ing their bright heads among the tall grasses. She had loitered to pluck them—wandered on— grown weary—laid down to sleep—and waked in

Suspense had nerved the parents' hearts to endure certainty. They looked on the shattered casket that had enshrined their treasure, and bowed to the dispensation of their God! But when the thought of that first night—the agonizing realization that she had been almost within hearing of the beating of their hearts, came over them, it broke the seal of calmness, and the fountain of grief poured forth its deep bitterness un

The blighted blossom was bedewed with the The blighted blossom was bedewed with the tears of many an honest eye, that had seldom opened its sluice of sympathy. Rough men, who had almost forgotten how to weep, in the hardness of their life's rugged path, looked into her coffin, and drew their sleeves quickly across their brimming eyelids. Warm-hearted Irishwomen touched the golden curls, and ejaculated—"The darlint! Rest her soul wid the angels—avour-

" Suffer little children to come unto me ' said the Saviour, and He hath taken her !" whispered one, stooping to give the last kiss to the waxen lips, before they were sealed up to the morning of the Resurrection!

Ellen was buried near her home. The snows

rest lightly on her grave now; but in summer time the grass waves whisperingly over her, and the daisies she died to gather dot her little mound It was fitting that she, the fairest, purest, heaven-liest flower of all, should sleep under the flowers

Died in the city of Brooklyn, near New York February 27, RANSOM G. WILLIAMS, aged about 42. of inflammation of the lungs. Mr. W., for nany years, had had a weakness of the lungs. Many years since he was publishing agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and he devoted himself with uncommon real and efficiency to the cause. He afterwards engaged in mercantile business, in which he was quite successful. For several years he was a member of the Executive Committee of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and never lost his interest in the great work of emancipation. Some of his last labors were devoted to the colored congregation in Prince street, and to the school and congregation at Cassville, Long Island. Mr. W. has left upwards of twenty thousand dollars to various objects of Christian benevolence: \$3,500 to the American Missionary Association; \$1,000 to the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society; \$2,000 to the Oberlin Institute, &c. He was a scientious and useful man, and died in the hope AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY. - No. 12.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK

Hornblend is more tough than hard. So its name indicates. It enters largely into rocks Hornblend rocks form some of the most beautiful and sublime mountain and landscape scenery in the world. The Giant's Causeway, in the northcast part Ireland; the Palisadee, on the banks of
the Hudson river; the Bluffs, called East and
West Rock, each about two miles from New Haven, Connecticut; Mount Holyoke and Mount
Tom, on the Connecticut river; the richest landscape scenery on the Columbia and other rivers
in Oregon; and many other views, both rich and
beautiful in different parts of the world.

West Rock, each about two miles from New Haviolation in any case, or for any consideration, is
invariably and necessarily attended with the
same fearful results as flow from the infringement of any other ordinance of God; that the
Human Brotherhood is not a gaunt abstraction, as
many suppose, but a solemn and targible Realiin Oregon; and many other views, both rich and beautiful, in different parts of the world, are hornblend rocks. The scenery about Edinburgh, Scotland, is said to resemble very nearly that about New Haven, Connecticut, exhibited by the same geological formation—basaltic columns. In both these cities it is the connecticut, and the same geological formation—basaltic columns. In both these cities it is the connecticut, and the same geological formation—basaltic columns. In both these cities it is the connecticut, and the same fearful results as flow from the infringement of any other ordinance of God; that the Human Brotherhood is not a gaunt abstraction, as many suppose, but a solemn and tangible Reality—a veritable and mysterious Being, whose rights and sympathies and interests are guarded with the same geological formation—basaltic columns. In both these cities it is the common and almost only building material, admirably fitted for the gothic style of architecture. Some poet said of the citizens of Edinburgh, who have very much impaired zens of Edinourgh, who have very much impaired the natural scenery about the city for the pur-poses of architecture, that they had so little taste that they sold the sublime and beautiful by the cartload. These columns are very much in the form of hexedral prisms, from six inches to a foot or two in diameter. The length of the blocks forming the prisms are frequently about equal to their diameter. Each block is concave or hollow-ed at one end, and convex or rounded at the other, the concave and the convex surfaces exactly fit-ting each other. The sides of the prisms are also as exactly fitted as the cells of the honeycomb,

and of the same shape.

The most remarkable exhibition of this natural mountain mechanism is in the Giant's Causeway. where these hexedral columns, so perfectly matched, cover a great surface, and rise to the height of two or three hundred feet. The inhabitants of the country, at some ancient period, supposed i to be the work of a race of giants living there at a

period still more ancient. The property of toughness in hornblend very much modifies the character of the rocks of which it forms a part. For many purposes they are the most durable of all rocky formations. The Russ pavements, inter-laced into New York, are formed of a rock from Staten Island aimost entirely hornblend, having a little quarts in fine grains interspersed through the mass. Though called Staten Island granite, it is very different, and entirely superior to any granite formation correctly so called. No rock upon the globe could probably be found more durable or better fitted for such pavements than this hornblend rock taken from Staten Island.

EXPERIMENT.—Draw a circle by a pair of divi-ders. Not changing the distance of the legs, place one point in the circumference of the circle drawn, dividing it into equal parts. It will thus form in the circumference six points equally distant from each other. Unite these points by lines drawn by the dividers, and the result will be a regular hexagon, showing the shape of basaltic columns, quarts, crystals, beryl, emerald, spatite, cells of the honeycomb, and many other specimens of "NATURAL MECHANISM."

## For the National Era. RELATIONS BETWEEN GOVERNMENTS.

AND THE Proper Mode of Establishing Justice among them BY JOHN B. BEACH.

No. VI .- Obstacles to a Federal Union of Nations No one, we presume, will venture to deny, that if there existed a code of international law, well digested, embodying only principles of nat-ural justice, sanctioned by adequate penaltice, and great Powers of the world, it would constitute a basis upon which such confederated States might hope prosperously and permanently to rest. The comple of our own Federal Union is enterely to point, and may justly be regarded as settling this whole controversy. It is constituted according to the doctrine, that Force is a miserable safeguard of the rights of States, and Law the only sure guarantee of public security. Accordingly we find that thirteen independent nations, in the storm-

Law, have existed prospereusly and harmoniously for three-fourths of a century; during which period, eighteen other independent Powers have, at different times, joined the original thirof different magnitudes bound peacefully into a compact system by the predominating, all-pervading influence of one grand central Luminary: that Luminary is Law, embodied in a municipa Constitution.

And our history triumphantly shows that Fed eral Law is an effectual defence of State rights; for nowhere do our annals point to a period when it

was necessary for a State to arm herself against a sister State, either for the purpose of asserting sister State, either for the purpose of asserting the rights of her own citizens, or of repelling a hostile invasion. This illustrious example ought therefore to convince the world that a similar plan of Union, modified to suit the exigencies of the case, might be adopted by nations which now maintain an independent and distrustful attitude with respect to each other.

with respect to each other.

But, says an objector, the world is not prepared for so radical a movement. In consequence of the general prevalence of ignorance, its importance is not, nor is likely to be, sufficiently appreciated by ruler and subject, to warrant any rational belief on our part in its practicability. Indeed! then what is to be done? Must the political world forever continue as it is at the present hour? Pridarely

continue as it is at the present hour? Evidently not. Inspiration, as well as the changeless law of society, points us to a brighter day. Let us, however, always bear in mind this important truth,

ever, always bear in mind this important truth, (the more important from our disposition to over-look it.) that human instrumentalities, Heaven-inspired, are to create that happy day.

It is readily granted that the existence of so much ignorance in relation to war and its evils, is a great hindrance to the adoption of the proposed measure. Were the inhabitants of Christendom generally enlightened on these points, we might expect soon to see them gradually fall in with this movement; but no one, it is presumed, with this movement; but no one, it is presumed, not even the most sanguine, expects to see it crowned with complete success the next month or the next year. It is a project of great magnitude, such as always advances slowly, and yet always such as always advancing. We are confident, however, that in no other enterprise of corresponding importance was persevering effort ever attended with more cheering success, than that which already crowns the labors of such men as Worcester, Ladd, Burritt, Cobden, Lamartine, Jay, Sumner, and Channing.

When it is shown that the prevalent ignorance cannot be removed, then only let us cease to hope; then it will be time to talk of impossibilities. But, then it will be time to talk of impossibilities. But, knowing that Truth is the antagonism of ignorance and error, the duty of us who hold the Truth on this subject is quite manifest: to sit no longer paralyzed by self-created spectres of Impracticability; but to arise, and, like true-hearted men, address curselves to the work of enlightening the public mind. We beseech you, reader, do not get befogged just at this critical point. Remember, it belongs to the creed of all who are truly men, that every Just measure is also Possible. Believe that with a Heaven-inspired faith, and you become one of the true Heroes; believe less than that you cannot, without forfeiting your God-given title to manhood.

believe less than that you cannot, without forfeiting your God-given title to manhood.

That a vast accumulation of facts seemingly lie opposed to our theory, we do not care to deny. It is too true that nations are unhappily divided in sympathy and interest. To maintain a degree of self-respect, and to gratify a feeling of national pride, Governments between which there exists no dangerous collision of intertsts, generally we, believe, observe a cold and distant civility in their diplomatic correspondence: but so beautiful a believe, observe a cold and distant civility in their diplomatic correspondence; but so beautiful a thing as love, interlinking and binding together distinct nations, has never yet been realized beneath the stars; whilst even the common courtesies demanded by a purely selfish international code are often sadly neglected in the public intercourse of States.

We appreciate, perhaps as fully as others, the obstacles to the unity of mankind interposed by the diversity of races, religions, creeds, rituals, customs, and languages. We feel seriously embarrassed by the hereditary prejudices, feuds, and antipathies, which prevail so extensively in all States, as well as by the laws and ordinances of which these are the foundation.

But with a distinct perception and realization of all these painful facts, we still urge our plan as a highly practicable one—indeed, as the only practi-

hearted men? Who does not perceive that the prime obstacle, out of which all others grow, is the misunderstandings of the Human Family? Communities do not understand each other: mucommunities do not understand each other: mu-tual distrust springs from ignorance: hostility from distrust; and propagates itself in unen-lightened minds. Only give the world light, and war becomes impossible. Popular ignorance is the sole basis upon which this stupendous system rests. rights and sympathies and interests are guarded with fearful vigilance by an Eye that never sleeps, and an Arm that never tires. Show them how War necessarily paralyzes the industry of nations; misdirects productive labor; destroys public and private property; sinks the national wealth; increases the burdens of taxation; hazards the existence of States; undermines the foundations of popular liberty; brutalizes the populace; engeniers herediary antipathy between nations naturally united, and annihilates the revenues of the world. Satisfy them that it is a measure which redresses not wrongs, but perpetrates them; which indemnifies not losses, but multiplies them; which is not necessary to secure the national defence, nor to extend the principles of sound Government, nor to assert and maintain the right, nor to carry out the plans of Divine Providence. Point them to that dreadful of Divine Providence. Point them to that dreadful six thousand years' experience, written in tears and blood by the deep-graving pen of History; and bid them reflect, reason, and judge. Lift before their eyes the curtain which conceals the machinery of this world-bewitching Tragedy of Devils: let them gaze steadily upon that horrid drapery-surges of fire and "garments rolled in blood:" the charm which fascinated their minds

is broken forever! [TO SE SONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

## CINCINNATI ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle of Cincinnati earnestly invite all who advocate the doctrine that slaveholding is a violation of God's law, and a cruel wrong to man, and therefore that slavery ought to be immediately abolished, to meet in Convention in the city of Cincinnati, on the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th days of April next, (1851,) to take into consideration the present and pros-pective condition of the Anti-Slavery cause, and to counsel together on one common platform, in respect to the evils to be opposed, the difficulties to be surmounted, and the proper means and measures for maintaining and sustaining their principles practically and thoroughly.

There has never been a moment when Chris-tian philanthropists could have been justified in

relaxing their vigilance in the cause of human freedom. But at no period of the Auti-Slavery enterprise has there been a greater demand for their watchfulness, and their earnest, energetic, bold, and persevering exertions, than at this time, when the mightiest powers of the civil Government are yet more strengthened for the support of slavery by the aid of the highest talents and the combined influence of the American Church. It is painful to reflect upon the fact, that after eighteen hundred years of the promulgation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who came to preach deliverance to the captive, and whose very title of Redeemer is a standing condemnation of slavery, the first principles of Christianity should be so little understood and felt, that three millions of the human family are now held in the most abject servitude under the laws and institutions of a Government whose Constitution al- To the Editor of the National Era : upon earth, and with the sanction of that glories in its independence of the civil power. It is distressing beyond measure to see great obsteamen and barned expers of divinity putting forth all the strength and power of their mighty intellects to dry up the fountains of hu man sympathy, and deliver the poor panting fu give to the tender mercies of the despot

claims him for his slave. in the mortification and distress of our hearts in view of this unhallowed combination, we call of all that is right and true in the principles o civil and divine law. Let no slight considera tion, beloved friends, prevent your attendance The cries of humanity, the voice of your brother's blood, and the claims of Christianity, call upon you to make every sacrifice needful to accom plish the great object which you profess to have near your hearts, and to do all you can to deliver them who are bound out of the hands of the The weapons of our warfare not being carnal

but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds, we may with certainty calculate upon a glorious triumph, if we battle together in the unity of the Spirit and the bonds of peace, wielding with boldness the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. For Christ and humanity,
Sarah H. Ernst, President.
M. M. Guillo, Secretary

## THE DIFFERENCE.

BOSTON, MASS., March 4, 1851.

To the Editor of the National Era: I frequently hear it asserted that the law 1850, for the recovery of fugitive slaves, does not ther enactment requires anything more of the North than the performance of its constitutional obligations. Regarding both these propositions as false and mischievous, as tending to reconcile the public to the present state of the law, I wish, if you will give me room in your paper, to state, briefly, the points of difference between the two States, and the points wherein the statute of 1850 transcends the requirements of the Constitution 1. The law of 1793, as expounded by the Su-

upon a free State, or upon any citizen of a fre State, except upon certain officers; and, as they occupied their places voluntarily, it may with truth be said that, under that law, a man could truth be said that, under that law, a man could live in a free State without participating in the business of making men who, through deadly peril, had won their freedom, slaves again. The amount of the enactment of 1793 was, that if a slave escaped into a free State, his owner might, carrying with him from home, or engaging in the State to which the slave had fled, such voluntary aid as he should find needful, take him away without becoming liable to the panalties for kid slave-hunters or slave-catchers. to become slave-hunters or slave-catchers. They performed their whole duty if they offered no opposition when the slave-hunter would bunt his prey upon their soil. By the law of 1850, the United States carries the fugitive back to slavery. and thus every citizen must participate in the deed. More than this—by that law every citizen is required, when called upon, to give his strength—the labor of his own free muscles—to

2. Under the law of 1793, the trial, such as it was, of the question, whether the alleged fugitive were such, in fact, must be had in his presence; but by the law of 1850, that question may be settled a thousand miles away from him, and, before he knows he is claimed, a tribunal, of which he never heard, may have doomed him and his posterity to perpetual servitude. Already, if we may credit the newspaper statement, a man has been taken from one of the Western States, who had been manumitted. The court before which he was brought refused to give him time to send a few miles for the documentary evidence of his freedom, because a trial, in the State from which he was said to have fled, had already decided that he was a slave, leaving nothing but the question of identity to be tried at the place of his

3. There was nothing in the law of 1793 to prevent both the claimant and the alleged fugitive being examined at the trial; but by the law of 1850, while the claimant may be heard, 4. The law of 1793 intrusted the trial of

4. The law of 1793 intrusted the trial of a question, second in importance only to that which involves life, to the lowest tribunals known to the law—to tribunals which, in Massachusetts, and I believe in the free States generally, are not permitted to try civil causes involving more than twenty dollars, and that subject to appeal. This was had enough, but there was no premium offered for corruption. The law of 1850, in like manner, intrusts the trial of this question to a tribunal that has final jurisdiction is nothing else beyond the taking of a deposition, and provides all these painful facts, we still urge our plan as a highly practicable one—indeed, as the only practicable one indeed one—indeed, as the only practicable one—indeed, as the only practicable one indeed one—indeed, as the only practicable one indeed one indeed

cate of the magistrate should be a sufficient warrant for removing, &c.; the law of 1850 provides that such certificate shall be conclusive of the right so to remove, &c., and " shall prevent all molestation by any process issued by any court, judge, magistrate, or other person whomsoever. Whether Congress has the constitutional power, in this case, to deny to the alleged fugitive the writ of habeas corpus, i perhaps not yet settled; but who that reads the language cited above can doubt that such was the

Again the law of 1850 imposes upon the North obligations not imposed by the Constitution. Un-der this head I shall be careful to tread on no disputed ground. The Constitution provides, simply, that the escaped slave shall be given up upon a Wing, who good," is out and out pro-slavery. They claim; that is, shall not be withheld, nor by law cry "good," is the defeat of Sumner, a Freenor in any manner protected against the master.

Soiler, though from the Whig ranks, and would No one will say that it requires that he shall be risk the election of a pre-slavery man of either carried back, either by the United States or the

State to which he may have fied.

The Constitution does not require that the right of the claimant to the alleged fugitive should be tried without notice to him. It does not require that the claimant should be heard at the trial, and the claimed be silent. It does not require that the trial should be without any of the ordinary securities and safeguards of justice and right. It does not require us to offer a bribe to the court. It does not prohibit, if it does not enjoin, a trial by jury. And thus, in each of these particulars, in assenting to the law of 1850, the North has yielded more than its constitutional bligations required.

and work-shops, and fire-sides, at the command of his pursuer, to hunt him like a beast of prey, among our free hills and woods? God forbid! I belong to that very numerous class of persons who would have the North abide by and perform all its constitutional obligations, justly and fairly, but at the same time, upon this subject of slavery, would have it claim all its constitutional rights.

"EUROPEAN WORLD."

calmly, firmly, perseveringly—never yielding so much as "the twentieth part of one poor scruple" of what is not in the boad. J. C. D.

To the Editor of the National Era:

I have been much instructed by the articles your able correspondent, "Liberalist," on the "European World." How correct his inferences may be, time will determine; but he evinces an acquaintance with European affairs which induces me to request him (if I may do it without trespassing) to give us something on the nature of the European Governments—their relations to each other, alliances, &c. We read of Germany; but where and what is Germany? We are told that Prussia and Austria are German States; and yet that Austria is not all in Germany. The same is true of Italy. We hear of Italy and the Italian States, and yet learn of Austria's having much to do with their Governments. A reader of European affairs is constantly asking such questions as the following: What is Germany? Italy? Denmark? By what treaty stipulations or alliances has Great Britain a right to interfere with the Governments of Europe, especially with Greece? If your correspondent will write an article or two

on these subjects, he will much gratify and en lighten.

A SUBSCRIBER. Providence, March 3, 1851.

> LETTER FROM CINCINNATTI. CINCINNATI, February 24, 1851.

"the duty of anti-slavery voters." Its first col-umn portrays vividly the desperate condition of our country in reference to Freedom; but we here general acceptation of those names; and it is of do not understand your remedy. While reading no use to show them by the dictionary what these your article a second time, a Free-Soiler from terms meant in other days. They mean now the Kentucky came in, and exclaimed, "Good God, sir, if you Free-Soilers allow yourselves to be mixed up with the old parties, slavery will not be but, you say the question of the part Proonly extend over all new territory, but Ohio will dency must come up soon, and then positions and finally accept the institution." He then spoke of principles must be defined. With deference, alfinally accept the institution." He then spoke of your article as one that he could not understand and said that, in recent conversation with Southern men, they were sanguine in the belief that all the Western States would finally establish

May I repeat some of your questions? What is to be done? Shall we all pass under the yoke, and acknowledge ourselves conquered? You answer: "We can vote our principles into office;" and you take for granted that a majority of the people are resolved to do so; but still the question recurs, "How is it to be done? Here. I think. some of us may differ; and hence the importance of correspondence, conference, and cooperation, if possible.

You say that we need no "National Conven tion or other extraordinary national movement, except "using our influence misely in our respective States." On that word, wisely, hangs the difficulty of determining our action. What is it wise to do in the desperate circumstances by which we are surrounded 7 Compromisers and slaveholders, you say, have waived all questions of minor importance, and united to sustain and extend slavery. In Missouri, Democrats elected a Whig Senator; in Rhode Island, Whigs elected a Democrat; and in other States, you might have added, the great object with Whigs and Democrats is to kill off Free-Soil principles—that be

ing the only question on which they can unite. And now, if I understand you, Free-Soilers should profit by the example of their opponents lay aside all minor questions of politics, and unite for liberty. In this we concur; but can it be done without some "extraordinary" State or "National

movement ?" Bear in mind that we may differ in opinion without separating or being censured, and that I do not advocate especially a reorganization of the old Liberty party; yet, in passing, I must say that there has been a sad lowering of Freedom' standard since that party handed over its credentials to the Free Soil party. Until now it is quite thing to rejoice over, when a man can be found to avow doctrines as free as were adopted by Whig and Democratic Legislatures in the palmy days of the Liberty party, and which doctrines we then thought too far below the demand of the times to be noticed favorably. But to proceed. Would you have us, in Ohio

unite with Democrate or Whige? I take Ohio as an example. The great object of those parties is to secure ascendency in the National Government. It is the same in all the free States. Lead. ing Whigs and Democrats know, that if Free Soil principles prevail, they have no chance for prominence; they have sinned too much-they could not look upon advocates for liberty, and ask to be trusted. Hence the influence that controls those parties will be opposed to reform from instinct, and they will lead their parties to act with slaveholders so long as either retains its present organization. Then, if we go into those parties, we nust vote for their nominees; that is virtually the pledge of persons attending their conventions; acting with a party in good faith ; and here is our objection to a union between Free-Soilers and Whigs or Democrats, since such a union, though intended to be for local purposes, and temporary, would virtually build up the National parties and hold up the hands of our enemies.

What cares Webster, Cass, or Foote, how many Free-Soilers are scattered among their several elect a Senator or Congressman, so long as there is no distinct organized opposition to either of the pro-slavery parties, and the very men who help to elect an anti-slavery man to Congress are also found electing and sustaining a bitter pro-slavery National Administration. A few Free Soil Senators or Congressmen, who may sometimes owe their elections more to combinations of hostile elections. The old parties laugh at the solitary votes of our friends in Congress; but they tremble when the People refuse to vote for those old ments than to Free Soil votes, can do no harm to all! parties, even though accident should occasionally

5. The law of 1793 provided that the certifi- the dominant parties-they can carry no meas ures for good, nor prevent any measures for evil; nor is it their fault that it is so; but, that such is the fact, the history of the past abundantly proves And by uniting with either of these parties we could not avoid giving them influence for harm, either directly or indirectly, in the State as well as in the National Administration.

We said the object of Whig and Democratic parties, in free States, was success in their party elections; in slave States, their object is the perpetuation of slavery. Take the New York Tribune and Boston Atler, two of the most antislavery of the Whig papers. They rejoice at the defeat of Benton, on account of his "color of an idea" in favor of freedom, and in the election of party in preference to one who is equal to Web-ster in talent, and far his superior in integrity. If we take Corwin and Seward, the best samples of Whigery, we have the same picture. They used their mighty powers to persuade the lovers of Freedom to vote for Taylor and Fillmore, as a means of sustaining Freedom and Free Soil. One of the arguments was, that Fillmore, being a Free Soil Whig, would secure Freedom if Taylor should follow Harrison to the grave. Well, they succeeded, and where are they now? After all the flattery from Free-Soilers of Corwin's noble free impulses, a member of Congress is authorized to say that Corwin goes the whole for the sacrifices, Fugitive law and all. And well he might, after This enactment requires of the citizens of the free States what, as men and Christians, they cannot perform. Its burdens are too great to be borne. Are we, when the foot of the panting fugitive has touched our soil, to leave our farms, intimates that he will ever oppose Whig nomina-tions, or any Whig Administration that may be elected. He was potent in his influence to put a pro-slavery Administration in power, and he and they may well laugh at his impotent struggle to

hinder their wicked influence.

There, sir, are your very best specimens of Whig statesmen and editors, while the great majority of both are committed to the support of all the sacrifice measures. Fugitive law and all. Could you expect men who see things in this light, see, are honestly the advocates of liberty, to act in concert with such a Whig party, for the sake of getting a score or so of their men into office, where their influence is not half as great for good as when they mingle and labor for the right among

the people?

But we turn to the Democratic party, and allow you to select two prominent men, and two leading papers from those who acknowledge themselves members of the party. Go into their conventions and aid in nominations, you cannot find specimens more favorable to liberty than the Whig examples I have given. If either were a particle better, they would be turned out of their parties, while the proper samples of both parties are to be found in Webster and Cass, the Intelligencer, Republic, and Union; and we again ask, can we appeal to the honesty of liberty-loving freemen, and urge them to support either of those parties?

I have heard of a lady who married a rake to reform him; and of another, who married a per-sisting suitor to get rid of him; but I would not advise a female friend to follow such an example Nor would I advise Free-Soilers to unite with Whigs or Democrats, "as more likely to (reform) impress either, regenerating or absorbing it,"
(getting clear of it.) It would be a poor school
to learn in; for whenever those parties "hold other issues in abeyance, and treat Slavery as a paramount question," it will be, as it ever has been, for the propagation, and not for the sup-pression, of Slavery. Such a result follows, from the very nature of things, while those exist, because that portion of each that has governed and

ow me to say, that such periods have hitherto been the most noted for obscuration of position and principle; and I see nothing warranting the and principle; and I see nothing warranting the hope of improvement in this particular. But before that time, say the spring of 1852, Congress will have sat long enough to admit any number of slave States, and double the rank and file of our army, keeping it all in motion to enforce the Fugitive law, catch fugitive slaves, and stop the creat free pulse that is sending its throbbings for iberty all over this land. And mark, sir, this warning: unless there is some great movement to operate its restraining influence upon your next Congress, its measures will be more marked with subservience to the Slave Power's demands than

any of its predecessors.

But can you tell us how we can bring about a union of the friends of Liberty in favor of a President of the right stamp, unless we have some pretty considerable National movement, that the People may confer together? It is not pre-sumed that any plan is to be concocted by any small number, and the People called upon to re-gister it. You and I have long struggled for the same great end, human liberty; and I shall not probably tire you again with a long letter. But we here (and I speak the sentiment of all with whom I converse) want such action as will promote union and zeal among the friends of Liberty. We believe the large majority of the People are right on this question; but they are scattered, do not know each other or their own strength, and the influences against discussion are so powerful and numerous, that little has been said, and men are in danger of becoming used to despotism. We insist on early measures to warn the people against the tendency of both Whig and Democratic measures, and the importance of prompt and energetic action in the tion. Nor need you be surprised if you hear that a few people without leaders shall have en-tered the field at an early day, to keep the field

of Slavery is repealed. There is a great free heart beating in the bo-soms of a million freemen in our country, that cannot be hushed by all the traitors who have sold themselves to slaveholders and popular fasold themselves to slaveholders and popular fa-vor; and long after this feeble hand shall be cold in death, you will live to rejoice that mil-lions refuse to wear the uniform of either of the pro-slavery parties, even for a time. We will not act in disguise. We are in the right, and will either succeed with our principles inscribed on our banner, or we will fall, with that banner and

hose principles floating over us. We cannot have Whigs or Democrate pledged to Free Soil by words stronger than were Corwin and many other leading men of both parties previous to the last election. But for such pledges, the Free Soil nominee would have been elected. And yet we see that in every instance Freedom has been betrayed by those parties, and those most relied on; and who gave the strongest pledges for Liberty have been the most treacherous, and their treachery has been the most fatal. This mixing with the old parties, in certain cases, is the old game of questioning candidates, which you and I abandoned long since; and surely the lessons of the past eight years have not proved that we have so long been in error, and ought to take the back track.

I write plain, with the kindest feelings, and here leave the subject, for writing is not my department; but I beg you to ponder well this subject. Suppose yourself back in a good old-fashioned Anti-Slavery meeting in Ohio, how, think you, would they receive the proposition to unite with the Democratic or Whig parties, in hope of impressing them, or swallowing them up? Anti-Slavery Free-Soilers can yield our Whigery or Democracy, or any of the political topics that divide the old parties; (they don't divide on Slavery;) we have no "shibboleth," except our free principles and corresponding practice; these we cannot give up. We are Free-Soilers because we are Anti-Slavery, and cannot vote for either Whig or Democrat who acknowledges himself a member of either of the old parties. Such party affinity presumes party obligation to vote for their party nominees, (be they Webster, Casa, or any other,) and disqualifies him for representing Anti-Slavery men. I write plain, with the kindest feelings, and